

# The Pocahontas Times.

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\$100 A Year

## POETRY

I have always maintained from my youth up that it was easier to write poetry than not to write it. One psalmist says that when the Muse did on him glance, he jingled at her. Dean Swift describes it: "Then rising with Aurora's light, the Muse invoked, sit down to write; blot out, correct, insert, refine, enlarge, diminish, interline." The first part sounds like taking a drink before breakfast, which is a very, very unwise thing to do.

The main thing about poetry is to be full of synonyms, antonyms, and parts of speech, and a royal disregard for your subject. There is such a thing as poetic license, and this is about the only license the late legislatures have overlooked. Believe me they ought to put a prohibitory tariff on it and it would save much profanity. I never caused but one piece of serious poetry, and that was the recent West Virginia piece. It made a Huntington lawyer lose his religion and he did cuss something scandalous. And the only reason I did that was to make use of that fine music for an ode, and nobody seems to remember the music. I had hopes that every brass band in the State would add that music to its repertoire, and brass bands have no use for words.

To give some idea how high strong poets suffer from a ribald world, look what it did to Miss Edith's piece in Harper's Magazine.

## VOCAL COLORS

Apple-green west and an orange bar  
And the crystal eye of a lone one star,  
And "Child take the shears and cut what you will,  
Frost tonight—so clear and dead dead still."

—Edith M. Thomas in Harpers.

Pea-green pine and orange bunk,  
And the ragged rhyme of one mad or drunk.  
You must confess this approaches Miss Edith's verse—but we can't sell this.

—John D. Wells in Buffalo News.  
Crushed pumpkin dawn and a lemon squeeze—  
Child lead your mother outdoors to freeze.  
At stuff like this we could never fail:  
But we'd never dare offer this stuff for sale.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis in Houston Post.

Alice blue cheese and a plate of tripe,  
And fourteen Chinsmen biting the pipe.  
Verses like this make a bosom throb—  
I hope it won't cause me to lose my job.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Pale glummed eve and a herd of whangs,  
And the eerie glob of the gnaw-some fangs.

Woof-warped gangs and a blatch ooze—  
Bartender, what did you put in the booze?

—Cincinnatti Inquirer.

Lavender "con" and dank mauve "bul,"

Why did the lady get so full?  
A jim-jam rummy never has seen such sceptres as run in a "best" magazine.

—Charleston Gazette.

Oh the golden sheen of the bumblebee,  
Which yellowed the key-hole into the room,

And swelled to the size of a buff banhee,  
And burst with a bing in the purple gloom.

Now when you come to think about it that last verse, added to keep the ball rolling, has possibilities, so the following came jumbling out, which is inscribed to the prohibition movement recently inaugurated by the lumberman's association:

The Lay of the Lost Logger.  
Say, fellers, give me a nine pound axe,  
And lead me whar that's a tree to fall,

I'm shaking now in my geesley

## tracks—

It is rot gut whiskey and that is all.  
I worked so long on this bloody creek,  
I plumb forgot my last big spree,  
And I hiked for town last Tuesday week.

And got on a hell of a jamboree.  
My money, I kept in my cutter shoes,  
And I wasn't robbed the endurin' trip,

So the whole ten days I hit the booze,

With a down hill haul, and I let'er rip.

And final I woke up in Cumber-lun'

One foggy mornin' at break of day  
What I had done,  
And my mouth was as dry as a bale of hay.

And I see a big yellow bumble-bee

Slide through the key-hole into the room.

Swell big as my head and look at me,

And bust with a bing like a toy balloon.

They kept on coming and swelling ahead,

And I kinder enjoyed their inner cent play.

Till it occurred to me: "What's behind the bed?"

And I was a-fear'd to look that way.

I says to my self, ole feller, look out,

This cold sweat shows you've been runnin' free;

Them bum'bees means to the right about,

Its back to the Big open woods for me.

I'm too durn nervous to stay in my bunk,

Something is radically wrong with my gastric juice;

DID NOT OVER THIS HAD DRUNK—

But what in the hell, Bill, what is the use.

About fifteen years ago, Rudyard Kipling came out with a poem directed against athletics which caused universal comment something like his late article: "The female of the species is deadlier than the male." Somebody wrote to the Pocahontas Times and asked us to reproduce the piece about the flannelled fool at wicket, and the muddled oat at the goals. This we were unable to do, but always ready to oblige, sold the readers a substitute, which is in words, as follows, to-wit:

The flannelled fool at the wicket,

The muddled oat at the goals,

The frenzied fiend with the racket,

The doddering dunce who bowls;

The weak minded man who fishes,

The poor lost man with a gun,

The man who bends with a chess board,

And counts the game as fun;

The suffering stick on a trotter.

The card sharp who stands pat,

The man who in direst peril,

Takes the base ball from the bat;

They all without one exception,

No matter what game they play,

Are sensible sort of people,

By the fool who plays croquet;

The man with a wooden mallet

Pursuing a wooded ball

And driving it through a wicket

Is the fool who beats them all;

Tis the game of the kinder-garten

The game at which we scoff;

It is the great world beater.

Excepting the game of golf,

Those two are much of a sameness;

You sat at a harmless ball,

And find it again and swat it—

That said you have it all.

That is what I thought then.  
But after so long a time I find

that there are a few more words which I desire to say on the subject with your permission, I will bring it up to date:

Well, many a man has changed mind who couldn't change his socks;

And the younger he is the more he knows, and the more things he knocks;

And at twenty-five and an incurved waist, and wind like easy to milk. W. C. Gardner, Clover Advance.

## A Christmas Card



Twelve months have passed, a friend is gone,  
A friend who visits every home;  
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,  
The palace and the cabin door;  
Who is this friend? I hear you say,  
Why sure, it is good Christmas day;  
Ring out ye bells, rejoice O earth,  
For Christmas means the Savior's birth.  
The interchange of gifts is meet,  
As "merry Christmas" we repeat.

December 25th, A. D. 1911.

stone, and forty inches round;  
Then it's don't eat starch; and don't eat sweets; and the meat he must do without,  
And must exist on cistern water, and old sour kraut;

And roll the floor with his heels in air, like a hundred dollar colt;

And turn his face away from the mirror to save himself a jolt;

Then go in for golf and stay on the links from early morn till late,

If he would get back his sylph like form and recover his lost estate.

After elusive, resilient balls, knocking them hither and yon

And with sweat he will do penance, for the flesh he has put on;

And the grossness will fall away from him; he will get strong and well,

For avoid poise is a dire disease as any fat man will tell.

It's a young man's game, but an old man's life, in each country place and clime,

Who longs for the feel of youth again, and ease from the tooth of time;

Then out in the open air again, and face every wind which blows;

for he knows, he knows, he knows.

## DR. FLEMING—AN APPRECIATION.

The leaving of Rev. Dr. Robert H. Fleming, a citizen and servant of Lynchburg for a quarter of a century for a new field of work, which occurred yesterday he bade his friends goodbye and journeyed to Baltimore, is at once the source of widespread and sincere regret as well as the occasion of hearty good wishes for many years of usefulness yet to come.

For Dr. Fleming, for twenty years the pastor of Westminster Presbyterian church and later Superintendent of the Presbyterian Orphanage has done more than simply perform faithfully and efficiently the duties demanded by those two positions. A man of common sense, of uncontested sympathy, he has been an active force in the community at large for progress and for good—sometimes a leader, sometimes a willing worker in the ranks, but never for the glory and always for the common end to be gained.

He has brought honor to Lynchburg by his service in larger fields. As a member of the board of trustees of Washington and Lee University, and as a leader and participant in numerous ecclesiastical bodies and movements, both denominational and interdenominational, his work has gained appreciation, rightful distinction. Yet today Dr. Fleming is a young man in physical strength, and young in energy and ability and efficiency—qualities in this instance that are ripened by experience and scholarship. It is characteristic, we believe, of him that he should feel it his duty to resume, with the return of his usual health, his calling as a pastor, even after a successful work at the head of an institution which is now more than ever before reaping the fruits of progressive and wise management.

Stronger than all outward expressions of regret over his leaving, however, or than confidence in the man himself in his future work, on the part of the people of this city, rich and poor, whom he has served so long, is the feeling of love that will hold in the hearts of hundreds—even thousands—of two generations of Lynchburgers, always to be regarded, we hope, as his "homefolks."—Lynchburg Advance.

COW FOR SALE.—A good milk cow, 3 years old, gentle and easy to milk. W. C. Gardner, Clover Advance.

## STATE TUBERCULOSIS SANATORIUM FOR WEST VIRGINIA

The State Legislature of 1911 passed House Bill No. 202, an Act to establish a State Tuberculosis Sanatorium, and to provide for its control and maintenance, passed February 11, 1911, approved by Governor William E. Glasscock, February 18, 1911, in effect from passage, Chapter 6, West Virginia Acts for 1911.

This Chapter provides that the State Board of Control and the State Board of Health shall jointly select a suitable site for the proposed sanatorium. A joint meet-

taking samples of soils, and looking over the land generally, for the purpose of preparing blue prints and specifications for the practical management of the farm.

Governor William E. Glasscock and John E. Sheppard, members of the State Board of Control, are arranging to visit tuberculosis sanatoriums in various states at once, with a view of selecting type of shacks or cottages to be erected. Plans will be prepared this winter, so that the building may be started by the State Board of Control as early in the spring as the weather will permit.

Washington.—Congressman Littlepage has introduced a bill in the

to put a stop to "bootlegging" or the selling of intoxicating liquors under government license, in territories where it is prohibited by state laws. Under the terms of this bill it is provided that no person, firm or corporation shall be permitted to pay for any Government license as wholesale liquor dealer, retail liquor dealer, wholesale or retail dealer in malt liquors unless he shall furnish to the Internal Revenue Collector evidence that State license to sell the same has been issued to him and is in effect at the time application is made. It further provides that a Government license may be issued to him only for such time as the State license shall be in effect.

If enacted into law this bill would effectually wipe out all "speakeasies" and prevent the sale under Government protection all liquor in dry territories.

Congressman Littlepage's bill goes further and increases the penalties now provided for the sale of liquor without license. It provides for a fine of not less than \$1000 nor more than \$5000 and imprisonment for not less than 6 months or more than two years for each conviction of selling liquors

not intended to interfere in any way with the granting of State licenses but its purpose is to protect with the aid of the United States Government those persons who determine that liquor shall not be sold in their communities. No such bill as this has ever been introduced before and Congressman Littlepage feels that he is striking at the root of the illicit liquor traffic in this bill. He believes that if it becomes a law it will entirely put a stop to the sale of all liquors in all counties where it is now prohibited by State law.

W. T. Townsend attended the quarterly meeting at Sunset last Saturday.

The Frost football team played Saturday, and seemed to enjoy it immensely.

R. T. Noel is doing some planning for Amos Kelley.

Mrs. Ben Sharp and son Carl spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Amanda Sharp.

Prof. Glenn Abogast, of Arbvale, gave a free song service at this place Sunday night with the view of getting up a singing school.

Report of the Mt. Pleasant school for third month ending December 15, 1911. Percent of daily attendance, boys 94, girls 91. Those on the honor roll are Dewey and Clarence Weiford, Joe, Ellis and Lawrence McKenney, Lee, Frank, Eva and Collett Gay, Henry Lightner, William Shrader, Dempsey Dilley, Pearl Turner, Gertrude Weiford and Nettie Shearer. While the past attendance has been good, we believe it could be better, and we earnestly solicit the co-operation of every patron that we may have a perfect attendance.

Parents, examine the above honor roll report, and see if your child's name appears there in, if not, let us have the pleasure of adding it next month.

E. C. Bush, Teacher.

The school at the Draft taught by Prof. E. C. Bush is what we call a success. With the introduction of order and system the pupils are doing solid work and making substantial progress in their studies. There is only one thing that remains to make the school a continued success and that is the hearty co-operation of the parents and school officials, which should be accorded to every faithful teacher.

Prof. Bush not only teaches letters, but morals and manners as well; also patriotism, as was evidenced by the hoisting of a 40 foot flag pole on the school house ground and "Old Glory" unfurled to the breeze at the top of it. We think this is commendable, and it would be well if every teacher in the county would go and do likewise.

G. S. W.

## DECEMBER.

Year of our Lord, 1911. Farewell, old year, good friend, farewell!

No more together may we dwell; Good-bye, receive our blessing now,

On thy white locks and furrowed brow.

We knew thee in thy early youth, Decked out with flowers and smiles forsooth;